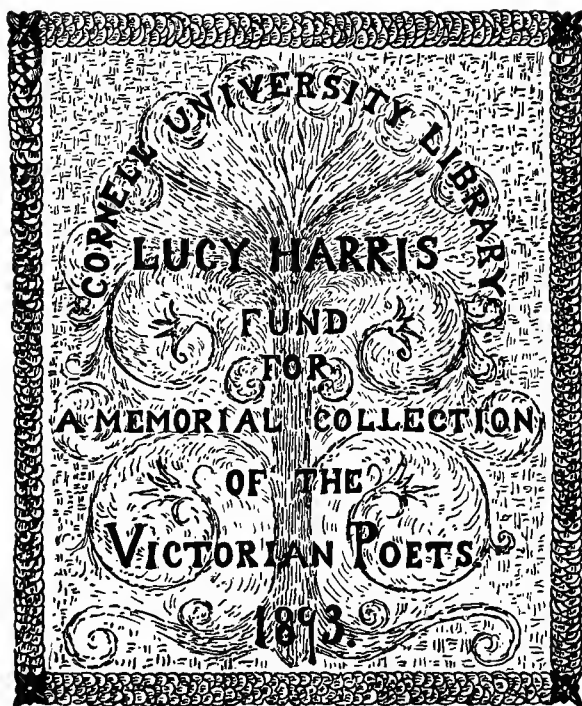


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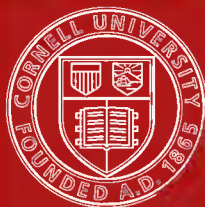
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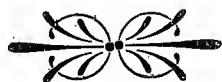


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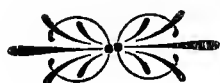
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POEMS AND SONGS
OF CORNWALL.



CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
Visions of Cornish Moor	3
Cornwall	3-5
The Dewy Primrose like a Star	- 6
Phran of Goonhilly	6-8
Trenethick Wood	8
An Elegy -	9
The Errant Lady	9, 10
Ruby Cara	10-12
The Vision of Time	12, 13
Song to the Cornish Wild Briar Rose	13, 14
Mortimer	14-16
Lyonesse	16
Porthleven	17
Halzephron	17-19
I Soon shall Leave those Eyes of Thine	- 20
I Care for Nothing, So I Win	20, 21
I Love the Flowers that Near Thee Spring	- 21, 22
Spring	22, 23
Carminowe and Goonhylda	23-25
I Heard Her Name Repeated Oft	25
Ah ! Gwen Carlyon o'er this Heart	25-26
Ah ! That My Heart	26
Lenore	26
The Lonely Creek of Carminowe	- 26
A Snowdrop Where No Light Intrudes	- 27
The Loe Bar	- 27-29
Sir Vyvyan - - -	- 29, 30
Around the Corner of the Mill	- 30, 31
For Ever Lost, for Ever Gone - - -	31, 32
The Sea of Life doth Ebb -	- 32
One and All	32-35



POEMS AND SONGS
OF CORNWALL

BY

ms.
J. D. HOSKEN.

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vi



Poems and Songs of Cornwall.

VISIONS OF CORNISH MOOR.

VISIONS of Cornish moor, and hill, and sea—
The land of old romance
That evermore within my memory
Shimmer aloft and glance!

Weeds from a western coast, where all day long
The billows strike the land,
Enshrined within the larger life of song,
I hold within my hand.

CORNWALL.

AN EPISTLE TO A POET IN WANT OF A SUBJECT.

MY Lad! why rack your tortur'd brain
For themes of song or story?
Why emulate some mystic strain,
Or sing of foreign glory?
As though a man should die of thirst,
Where crystal fountains tempting burst,
Or starve 'mid plenty's choice, and first
Of every blessing—
Coldly refuse the lips up pursed
Of maid caressing.

Give nineteenth century writers back
Their hobbies, and confusion;
I'll show you something in a crack
To work your disillusion.
Their railroads, scandals, politics,
The tyranny of wealth—the tricks,
By which the commons gather sticks
For their posteriors,
The liberty that rates and kicks
The lords' inferiors.

What! want a subject?—look around
 On Cornwall's ancient land!
 The Muse descends at one quick bound,
 Awaiting your command.
 If toward the dim mysterious past
 Your tranced eye be backward cast,
 See! struggling through the howling blast,
 Escaped its cave,
 The old Phœnician trader's mast
 Rise on the wave.

Imagination's noiseless lights,
 Dim flicker far behind,
 A fairy vision of strange sights
 Obeys the magic mind:
 Again the Druid meditates
 Beneath the oak; the Bard relates
 Of ancient kings the mighty fates,
 Within the shade,
 The youthful chief at eve awaits
 The blushing maid.

Shrine Arthur's glory in your line,
 Go where Tintagel's keep
 Makes even Time itself repine,
 And frowns upon the deep.
 There muse apace until the scene
 Brings back the pageant that has been,
 Of knightly sports before the Queen,
 When chivalry
 With flourished trump and golden sheen
 Rush'd nobly by.

There thought awakes its lonely lute,
 And breathes a requiem strain.
 O time! thy touch doth render mute
 And turn to dust again—
 Time that enfolds us like a dream,
 Till men the actors in it, seem
 Like dusts within the sunny beam,
 Now seen, now lost—
 Their life, a momentary gleam
 To darkness toss'd.

Here sprung that uncorrupted faith
 From Erin's shores derived,
 That coming braved the ocean's wraith,
 And heathen rites arrived.
 Here Davey rose, and Faraday,
 To glorify a latter day,
 And shed fair Science' golden ray
 On toiling man,
 With others in their several way
 Of equal span.

If neither bald tradition's lore
Nor History's doubtful page
Arrest your fancy, Nature more
Your numbers may engage.
Fronting the western heaven, behold
The rising billows ever roll'd
'Neath many a promontory old,
Or view the storm,
In grandeur marching to enfold
The earth's fair form.

My Lad! a fool can give advice,
A cat look at a king,
Then hear me finish in a trice,
Then tune your fiddle string.
To catch the thought of nature, lay
Your spirit open to the day
Like an Æolian harp; the lay
Will stir its chords,
And ready inspiration stray
In search of words.

It is the inner eye that sees
The beauty of our land;
The inner ear her melodies
Alone can understand.
And often in my dreams I see
The dancing star-lights of the sea,
And feel the breath of liberty
Fresh from the wave,
And claim the lonely majesty
Of thoughts that save.

Of thoughts that save me from the whirl
Of this ignoble strife,
And stand like warriors up, and hurl
To earth those foes of life
That still advance in grim array—
Pale want, and faith in sad decay,
And things that hannt the set of day
With eyes forlorn—
The ghosts of splendours wing'd away
That starr'd the morn.

The crystal seas that break in foam
As white as mountain snows,
The scenting Furze around our home,
The fairy Briar rose.
St. Michael's Mount!—the tropic blue
Of ocean framing all the view,
Of scenes for ever, ever new,
The distant hill—
Ah! when with these shall I renew
My rhyming skill!

THE DEWY PRIMROSE LIKE A STAR.

THE dewy Primrose like a star
 On Newham's banks was freshly seen,
 When morning mists unfolding far
 Revealed the moors and valleys green.
 The golden Furze, the Blackbird's strain,
 The Yellow Hammer, wak'ning near.
 The wild briar blown across the lane,
 Thy presence made to me more dear.

You were my queen, and I your knight,
 And youth, and morning all around!
 And beck'ning hands, and love's delight
 With fairy gifts our fancies crown'd.
 I bore you o'er each little stream
 That flashed in music down the hill,
 And felt you cling to me, and scream
 In mimic terror at the rill.

The waving water grass, and moss,
 The timid Minnow in the pool—
 The May tree with its arms across
 The sandy bottoms deep and cool.
 And all that sweet delightful walk
 That summer morning to Trenwhele,
 The songs, the laughter, and the talk
 That told how lover's hearts could feel.

And then the moonlight ramble home
 Too full of bliss for song or words;
 The kiss—the pledge that we would roam
 Another day—the silent birds,
 The flowers all hushed in mossy rest,
 A western hint of vanish'd gold,
 A fleeting moment breast to breast,
 Our little tale of love was told.

PHRAN OF GOONHILLY.

WHAT wight in western Cornwall strays
 'Mid old and unfrequented ways,
 And hears not of Goonhilly?
 It is a wild and dreary down
 That lieth north of Lizard town,
 A place of bogs and boulders brown,
 And winds for ever chilly.

And yet, when summer skies are fair,
And nothing breaks the brooding air
But far off sound of ocean,
The solitary place can give
Emotions rare and fugitive,
That show the daily life we live
A barren blind commotion.

The magic sea on either hand
Hath cast a spell upon the land
Controlling change and Nature;
Traditions grey and vanished things
Take shape in casual visitings,—
Fair ladies, knights, and Cornish kings
And many a dwarfish creature.

Midway the down a cromlech stands
Rear'd long ago by giant hands
As told by antique story:
And some have gone on pilgrimage
To see the place where Phran the sage
Wore out his life from youth to age,
Within that ruin hoary.

He dwelt alone with solitude
And contemplation, in that rude
And strange primeval dwelling;
Alone both night and day was he,
Alone with God, the stars and sea,
And all the thrill'd immensity
Of holy thought upwelling.

The walls of his grey home he traced
With starry charts, not yet effaced,
And many a line and angle.
For it was said he knew of things
Above the daily questionings
That haunt our life with erring wings,
The spirit to entangle.

At times when night was drawing nigh
The wanderer saw against the sky
The form of Phran outstanding,
And deem'd it was some spirit form
Of lonely wilderness and storm,
Or in his fancy he would form
A chief his host commanding.

None ever met him in the way,
And how he liv'd no man could say,
And when he died none knew it.
When winter nights are dark and cold,
Beside the fire the tale is told,
How no one seeks that cromlech old
But he thro' life doth rue it.

TRENETHICK WOOD.

The legends of a simpler age
 Cling round the tale of Phran the sage
 And linger round the ruin.
 No hunter now will dare to trace
 The crouching hare too near that place
 Where gorse and heath display their grace—
 The summer's earliest doing.

It may be madden'd by the world,
 Or by wild passions hither hurl'd,
 He fled untruth and riot;
 But howsoe'er the thing had been
 An influence hovers o'er the scene,
 Prompting high thought, and hope serene
 'Mid Nature's holy quiet.

TRENETHICK WOOD.

TRENETHICK Wood, the snowdrop's haunt !
 'Tis there when evening tints the west
 I wander, all my heart a want,
 Till golden stars the heavens have dress'd.
 And when the night completely reigns,
 I listen through the dreaming trees,
 And watch the starry glancing plains,
 And list the beating of the seas.

Within the reawakening trees,
 Soon spring will move the slowest sap,
 And call from bluer skies the breeze,
 And down the hillside, rock and gap,
 Will tumble foaming crystals streams,
 And with a young magician's wand
 Entrance the earth with fairy dreams
 Of daisies wak'ning thro' the land.

Trenethick Wood ! a life of dreams,
 Of love's regret, and bliss, and sorrow,
 Has pass'd since last thy pebbly streams,
 And green retreats for me did borrow,
 Traditions of the golden age,
 And Robin Hood in Lincoln Green,
 And Arden shrin'd in Shakspeare's page,
 And all the summers leafy sheen.

AN ELEGY.

YOUTH pass'd, and sadness dark'ned round my days,
 The leaves of life fell through the wintry air;
 Life's phantoms—love, the chief—withheld their rays,
 And left me in despair.

No flower upspringing from the earth I saw,
 No star was seen to pierce the lonely sky,
 The soul's one yearning passion was to die:
 Far from the haunting awe
 Of all this mass of being would I lie.

The pinions of the ghosts of fair dead things
 In that autumnal season flutter'd round;
 Ah! there was faith, that in life's spring-time sings,
 And hope with hands unbound,
 That stood upon a mountain reaching heaven,
 And to the weary nations far below
 Pointed to prospects hidden by their woe:
 And fame that sought to leaven
 With dreams of glory, toils men undergo.

And Poesy, with her immortal eyes,
 Rapt with the power and music of the world:
 More beautiful than Eve in Paradise
 Scenting the roses curl'd,
 All amorously in homage round her breast;
 Ah! who that doth not know the power of song
 Can tell the splendours that to her belong!
 The rapture of her quest
 To pilgrims on earth's highways steep and long!

THE ERRANT LADY.

WHEN days are clear, and fine, and bright,
 I take a walk for my delight,
 And guess you whom I met one day
 When walking on the King's highway?

I met a Lady with brown hair,
 And in her hand a lily fair,
 Her silken garments soiled with dust,
 The buckles of her shoes with rust.

And thus she sang—'twas, "Derry down,
 Saw ye a Knight in yonder town?
 He hath his steed and lance I know,
 But he hath lost his heart I trow."

“ So tra ! la ! la ! and derry down !
 Good luck to fools in wild or town.
 Who with the dice for fortune plays
 Is like to travel thorny ways.”

“ The King and fool their caps have chang’d,
 The olden world is all deranged ;
 But simple hearts and countryside,
 May these still flourish and abide.”

I kneelèd down ; she gave me there
 Within my hand that lily fair,
 Then on she fared. “ Hey ! derry down ! ”
 She sang, and pass’d towards the town.

RUBY CARA.

I S it the light o’ sun or moon
 That thro’ the casement gleams ?
 Have I the long lone afternoon
 Trodden the land of dreams ?

And you have been beside me, mother,
 Since the last tide was high,
 While I was dreaming of another—
 A dream before I die.

Raise me a little, I would see
 The lightly breaking wave,
 And take the music of the sea
 Within me to the grave.

Hark ! with a shout of triumph go
 The billows to the land,
 And all their gathered might they throw
 In splendour on the sand.

The segment sweeps of gleaming foam
 Far up the beach they run
 Like wondrous framework of thin rime,
 That webs the earth in winter time
 When all the boats are home.
 And now like rime they melt away
 Fragment by fragment ’neath the sway
 Of the magician sun.

The boats are going to sea to night,
 The fishermen are calling ;
 And there on high against the sky,
 Like silver specks the wild gulls fly,
 Thro’ the blue wastes of heaven serene,
 With flashing breasts of changing sheen,
 Rising, curving, falling.

O, the fair glories of this earth !
 The joy of simple breath !
 The heritage we have with birth
 We only know in death—
 When life is slipping from our hands,—
 And time is numbering our last sands.

It is the month of June, the crown
 Of all the golden summer,
 The Heath is breaking from the down
 To welcome the fair comer.

Draw nearer, mother, let me talk,
 It hurts me not—no tears,
 My mind goes back upon its walk
 Thro' the last three sad years.

The moon hangs low upon the deep,
 The gull has ceased its crying,
 And from the top of crag and steep
 The weary day is dying.

In thought I stand with David there—
 O'erlooking Michael's bay,
 His fingers wander thro' my hair—
 He steals my heart away ;
 The memory of his touch is there
 As on that happy day.

And how dared I to look so high ?
 What knows the heart of rank or place,
 The love was free he ask'd of me
 And pure as heavenly grace.

Next year, he said, he would return,
 And in the church we should be wed ;
 See, mother, here's a little fern
 He gave me as those words he said.
 Alas ! three years of hopes and fears
 Have laid me on my dying bed.

Ah ! you remember when I brought
 The school books from the town that night,
 And day by day how hard I wrought
 To make myself in his dear sight
 More worthy of his love—Ah ! me,
 How like a dream, an aching dream
 My three long years of misery,
 My hopeless love doth seem.

The autumn came, the winter came,
 Another year pass'd by.
 I know in those sad days of pain
 A robin at my window pane
 Sang songs of field and sky ;

THE VISION OF TIME.

And I believed the omen good,
 And gave my little songster food,
 And checked the rising sigh.

And now three years have come and gone,
 And yet no David here :
 No longer shall I wait alone
 Nor see another year.

Hark ! mother, was not that his tread ?—
 It is not yet too late.
 My child, the wave 'neath Penner Head
 Is all I hear, there is no tread.—
 Nay, mother, there's the gate—
 The garden gate—I heard it swing.—
 My child, a bird upon the wing
 Is calling to its mate.

O, David mine, not yet, not yet—
 The lyre of life is broken now ;
 The night is here, the sun hath set,
 No memory of your broken vow,
 But only love survives the past—
 Mother, one kiss, at last, at last !

THE VISION OF TIME.

UPON the earth, the night with whisper hushed
 Stole like a benediction out of heaven ;
 The palpitating stars in splendour blushed
 Upon the failing even.
 The spell of silence lay upon the sea
 That broke in restful murmurs far away ;
 Fled had the shapes of the distracting day,
 And I at last was free,
 With thoughts that chained and dumb within me lay.

My soul had not yet learn'd to look on life
 With that serenity that wisdom gives,
 To years beyond the all-absorbing strife
 'Mid which our youth still lives ;
 And one great question of this life of ours
 Lay on me heavily, the while I caught
 Even as a prelude to some holier thought
 A glimpse of mightier powers,
 Than those by which we deem the years are wrought.

The cynic-world that hides its selfishness
 Beneath the vaunt and outward show of good,
 Paled like the shadow of an old distress
 O'er which we sometimes brood.
 Then as I mused with silence and the night
 Lone in the deeps of heaven a vision pass'd,
 And all its marvellous splendour soon was cast,
 Shimmering from height to height,
 Till one wide glory glow'd the starry vast.

 And downward trembling, fluttering, fell the sheen
 Of that great vision on the charmed sea ;
 High as the moon it glowed, and all between
 The stars I seem'd to see
 The up-borne lights that lit the pageant stage
 Flash in dim hands, as down the arch of night
 A wild procession glanc'd in noiseless flight,
 With scutcheon'd equipage,
 And all the banner'd pomps of ancient might.

 In sweeps of glory down the starry slopes
 Sped that wild stream of warrior, sage, and clown
 From Time's abysm, holding fears and hopes
 That in the grave went down.—
 The unrecorded millions of the dead ;
 Beauty and love, with an impassioned song
 Defeated virtue, and successful wrong
 Like falling meteors sped
 From beck'ning steep to steep,—a marvellous throng.

 "Lo ! I make all things new," was heard afar,
 And suddenly a thrilling song uprose :
 It was as tho' a voice was in each star
 Echoing towards its close.
 Then sank the vision in the far-off gloom,
 And the calm lights of heaven came out again,
 Insensible to human joy or pain :
 And the remorseless boom
 Of ocean drowned that faintly dying strain.

SONG TO THE CORNISH WILD BRIAR ROSE.

AH ! Rose, my Rose, like a maiden fair,
 Peeping upon me unaware
 From your cool heaven of greenery,
 Like a star mid summer's scenery !

 O, Rose ! thy beauty ! the ravishing sense
 Of bewildering passion and wild romance,
 In the subtil spirit of thy perfume,
 Comes as a vision my heart to illumine.

Thy robes adorned with the rainbow's hues !
 Thy burning heart nourished by silver dews !
 Thou art wooed by each young and wandering breeze
 From twilight forests and tossing seas.

O, crown and splendour of flowers and stars,
 Lorn queen of dreams who to olden wars
 Hast given a name, and graced the page
 Now eaten and worn by ruinous age.

Still meet me, and greet me, and fill me with joy ;
 Thou hast given me youth, and I feel as the boy
 On whom thy wild beauty in glory first beamed,
 In the days—ah ! those days—when he dreamed.

MORTIMER.

SO Mortimer was buried, and the town
 Came out to follow at his funeral ;
 And to the stranger's question at the inn,
 " Who was this Mortimer ? " the answer came,—
 " One of a little strolling company
 Of players, who roamed up and down the land,
 And stayed at every county town, until
 Their audience fell away, or they had used
 Their pieces up, when gaily they would strike
 Their leaky booth, and go." One came to me,
 Knowing the trouble I was at to learn
 All that the gossiping players had to tell
 Of their dead comrade, with a manuscript—
 A dirty, damaged, dog-eared book of plays—
 Wherein the text, writ in a small, round hand,
 Between two ample margins ran straight down,—
 The work of Mortimer, who, then I learned,
 Was also poet to the company.
 I opened eagerly upon a scene,
 And half aloud I read a Legate's speech.

" Now that the union of your hearts and realms
 Is made complete, brave princes, I will speak,
 Or rather—thro' me hear his Holiness,
 I being his deputy. The God of truth
 Smile everlastingly upon this peace,
 And bless both crowns with true prosperity !
 Still look upon yourselves as treasurers,
 Holding your rights and offices from heaven.
 Be arm'd, and ready for the fields of war,
 But make no quarrels : No ! nor draw the sword
 On the first provocation. Terrible
 As death or hell, be to your enemies,
 But stand not in a cause where good and evil
 Are tied in part together. Let your realms
 Be schools of chivalry, and every man
 A champion for the truth. Your laws be just
 Rather than old, and sanction'd by the past.

Encourage learning in a due degree,
But O beware of the excess of it.
Let Rome's example teach you, when the Greeks
Seduced her youth with much philosophy.
Your councillors be men above reproach,
Not fortune-seekers—men who weigh an act
According as they lose or gain by it.
Enforce religion by no tyranny,
But rather let it win by gentleness.
And, above all, remember as you have
The frailties of men, be just to all,
And so be true to God." Struck with the lines,
I turn'd the volume with a curious eye :
It was a reef of gold that I had found,
Becoming richer, as I onward read.
Romance and history, passion, humour, gave
Their treasures freely to the poet's page,
And rapt my mind with wonder at the power
So various and sustained. So day by day
I read the manuscript of Mortimer,
And by close study of the poet's lines
Soon learned to reverence and to love the mind
That yielded me such riches ; and as love
Is a creator, soon I came to form
The countenance, and likeness of the dead,
And shrined it in my fancy. Then there came
A spirit from the pages, and took shape
And dwelt in me. One little thought had stirred
My old conceptions of the life of man.
And lo ! the world of customary sin,
Cold dispensation, ordinance untrue,
And all the pillar'd tyrannies of time,
Fell prone before that undermining thought ;
While the dark confines of our narrow days
Opened on vistas of revealing hope,
Beyond the power of dreams. Then something spake
The new conception of the coming life.

" The streams make music to the listening vales
In this hushed hour ere dawn—the skylark springs
To sight the sun far down the redd'ning east
Ere it hath risen level with the world.
The daisy trembles with the coming light,
And changes sleep for rapture of the day.
And time, and wan desire, are bearing man
Upon their wings. Ah ! whither ? Who can tell ? "

" The gathering seas break on the lonely shore,
And one by one the stars die out of heaven ;
The pageant and the glory of the night
Are lost, and scattered in the far-off deeps.
The mystic songs of all the worlds are dead—
Sealed up in silence by the coming day—
The earth awakes, and man goes forth—for what ? "

“The banner'd pomps of Time are white with dread,
 The ancient rule of things is on the wane,
 The night is dying slowly from the world
 Before the coming morning of the mind.
 The little noises of imperfect lives
 Are stilled, and hark ! a wondrous triumph-song
 Fills all the days with promise :—man awakes.”

Even as I marked the voice, there rose to me
 The vision of a loftier life, that worked
 Undreamed of transformation. Beauty came,
 Broke the Promethean shackles, and men's eyes
 Strained at the opening wonder, and the power
 Of an ideal made reality.
 The mind was stayed on truth and perfectness ;
 And the wild tribulations of the world
 Sealed 'neath the feet of ages, brought to life
 A holier purpose and a loftier aim,
 That cleansed the beast away, and made the world
 One kingdom of intelligence and light.

It was the spirit of dead Mortimer,
 With the fine aspirations he had known,
 That raised that vision to me, as I sat
 Beside his grave—his book within my hand.

 LYONESSE.

THE listless tides arise and fall,
 With murmur of their old distress,
 O'er shadowy tower and knightly hall
 Of ancient Lyonesse.

Far down within the changing deep
 That splendid realm unchanging lies,
 Where many a lord and lady sleep
 'Neath scutcheon'd canopies.

A land of fair romance long lost
 Enchanted held in perfect rest ;
 All lapped in golden light, and cross'd
 With tincture of the west.

The happy youth, with lute in hand,
 Sings to the maiden in her bower ;
 And banners hang above the land
 From many a silent tower.

And knights are there in armour dight,
 And white-hair'd minstrels sit serene ;
 And there is one, that land's delight,
 A solitary Queen.

She dreams of love and olden wars,
 Her maidens lying at her feet :
 A moon amid a heaven of stars
 In loveliness complete.

PORTHLEVEN.

THE brown sails tremble as the breeze
 Outside the harbour, takes the boat,
 And over silent evening seas
 Towards the west we float.

Shadowy and dim the less'ning land
 A charmed thing behind us lies,
 O'er which the sun with gleaming wand
 Hath drawn the sleeping skies.

Shade after shade from light to dark,
 With scarce perceptible decay,
 Around the course of our frail bark
 Lingers the dying day.

And now 'tis gone, and high o'er head
 Night's thronging splendours flash and shine,
 And thoughts of rapture and of dread
 At intervals are mine.

Far gleam the lights of Mullion—far
 Halzephron's shadow clouds the deep
 And bound with darkness, like a star
 Twinkles St. Michael's Keep.

O, nights of wonder and of power,
 Be mine to prove your joy's again,
 To crowd with years one mighty hour
 Upon the midnight main.

HALZEPHRON.

Halzephron is the name of a bold and beautiful cliff, at Gunwalloe, looking towards the west across Mount's Bay. Three thousand miles of Atlantic water stretch away from it in the path of the sun. Its natural grandeur is enhanced to me by the fact of its being associated with every change in my life.

BY other names I have been known
 In other tongues and other times,
 Before there was a British throne,
 Or any dress'd me up in rhymes :—
 'Tis true, boy Jim, though but a rock
 That shows a front to ocean's shock
 A hundred feet in height, a stock
 Of memories
 Is hidden in this old grey baulk
 Washed by the seas.

I always liked you from the first,
Though you were but a queer young nut;
You broke the traces young, and cursed
The orthodox and worldly rut.
I mind when first you came to me,
Filled with the voices of the sea,
From home and school I saw you flee
To see a wreck,
That staved her bows beneath my knee
And swamp'd her deck.

I saw you stand that winter day
Till daylight died athwart the swell,
And meditate your boyish lay
In many a rapt and lonely spell.
Thought I—I've made a dint in him,
He will not call me old and grim,
Or praise me in a ranting hymn
Of sin and grace.
Ah! no, a nobler rapture, Jim,
Lit thy young face.

And I have seen you, Jim, my boy,
When mad, and outraged by the world,
Come to me, filled with songs of joy,
And watch the waves against me hurled.
I miss'd you though for some three years,
And my old heart grew dark with fears,
Thought I, he's maybe 'mid the spears
And guns of fate;
Misunderstood 'mid hate and jeers—
That soul elate!

And I was lonely all that time,
I miss'd you in your rocky nook,
No music soar'd, no happy rhyme,
No Jim was here with pen or book:
I watched and deck'd your little bower
With wild sea-pinks, your favourite flower,
And conn'd the pathway hour by hour,
You used to climb,
An old grey prisoner to the power
Of your wild rhyme.

No word of praise was in my ear,
And no one ever came to me,
The coastguard shunn'd my paths in fear:
Alone, above a lonely sea
I hung and nurs'd a world of dreams,
And scarcely mark'd the seagulls' screams,
Or the sou' wester' drive its streams
Of mountain waves,
To reek through gullies and dark seams
Within my caves.

From yon hotel in Mullion there
Some holiday, or guide-book fool
Would come to yawn at me, and stare ;
And sometimes children of a school,
Brought out from Helston Town in wains,
Like colts defying bit and reins,
Would run about me with wild strains
Of glee and fun ;
But e'er the night could cloud the plains,
Their treat was done.

At last one day, I know it well !
I was just dreaming o'er the deep,
Watching a sail sink west the swell,
When something made my old heart leap—
It was your voice! and looking there
I saw you running like a hare,
Your cap off, and your curling hair
Blown out behind—
I threw my sorrow and despair
Before the wind.

I felt you panting up my side,
Lord, I was glad to hear you speak,
And I beheld you full of pride
Climb o'er my sides from base to peak.
You view'd your bower with daisy bed,
And torrents of grand things you said
About me, till my poor old head
Was almost turn'd,
And while you sat, and sung, or read,
I o'er you yearn'd.

And then you told me all the tale
Of all your struggles—every plan,
And how your heart did never quail,
But face'd the music like a man.
You'd been in London, so I found,
Half dead for sight of Cornish ground,
And cliff, and sea, and all the round
Of this lone coast—
I saw your rapture leap and bound
To tears almost.

I saw you had the same free heart,
The same true value held of life,
Although with many a wound and smart
You had escaped the hubbub strife.
I've seen you when you came to me
The same as this, from some wild spree
And ta'en a header in the sea
And vow'd my charms
Would lure from feasts of melody
Or woman's arms.

"I SOON SHALL LEAVE THOSE EYES OF THINE."

I SOON shall leave those eyes of thine—
 That love-lit smile no more shall see,
 When other far-off scenes are mine
 Beside my native southern sea.
 But in the north my heart abides,
 And through the days that are to come,
 Those eyes of thine will be my guides,
 That smile a ray to draw me home.

To leave thee now—to leave thee now—
 In all thy love and beauty bright;
 To leave the banquet in its glow
 Of burning joy, and seek the night!
 And yet the night no night shall be,
 My heart shall make it rich with song;
 Those eyes of thine my stars shall be,
 That smile a shield against all wrong.

Then ere we part, come heart to heart,
 And lip to lip in rapture press'd;
 We'll live one moment ere we part,
 To dwell with memory all the rest.
 Thus let us part, and as I go,
 Oft turn to see thy last sweet smile;
 But though my thoughts in music flow,
 My heart is breaking all the while.

I CARE FOR NOTHING, SO I WIN.

I CARE for nothing, so I win
 The grace to be thy poet, Love;
 From flaunting worlds of splendid sin
 I turn those rapturous heights to prove,
 That beckon to me from thine eyes,
 Whereon the flashings of thy soul
 Kindle the light of Paradise,
 And bring the vision back, that stole
 Long since upon me from the deep,
 Of golden dreams and haunted sleep.

I care for nothing, so I set
 The fancies of this spirit free,
 Above the days of old regret
 To soar in music up to thee,
 Like incense from an altar sent
 That curls above a lonely land,
 And breaks against the firmament.
 Ah! Love I think you understand
 What I would do if thought, and song,
 And greatness did to me belong.

No time or place, my spirit bars,
On wings of rapture borne away,
I pass the trail of nether stars,
I cross the realms of night and day;
Throughout the palpitating vast
Of hush'd and aw'd immensity,
I follow thee thro' shadows cast
From thoughts of hoar eternity,
And evermore a far-off strain
Thrills thro' the chambers of my brain.

The earth and all its story seems
A speck within the larger mind,
That rises from my glorious dreams
And haunts the region unconfined,
Where thro' I follow thee alone,
Led onward by thine eyes of light,
And gathering up each treasured tone
Dropp'd from thy music in thy flight;
A victor from the world's wild strife,
I touch the very springs of life.

Ah! Love, my Love, redemption, hope,
We rest upon the summit now;
A shimmering land of hill and slope
Hangs fair beneath night's glancing brow.
Lo! where the pend'lous splendours burn,
And far away beyond the dark,
Our sad grey world with ceaseless turn
Is twinkling there, a diamond spark:
I let my dreamy eyelids fall,
And murmur, "Love, if this be all."

If this be all, thus thron'd to feel
The solitary might of things,
No more to me the vast reveal,
Take back the gift of lofty wings!
I am too human to endure
The ranging sweep of thy domain;
Thy healing hands extend, and cure
The bliss that verges into pain—
One kiss—thy human love be mine—
I tempt no more yon height divine.

I LOVE THE FLOWERS THAT NEAR THEE SPRING.

I LOVE the flowers that near thee spring,
The trees that by thy Cottage grow,
The lark that springs each morn to sing
Within the golden eastern glow.

I love these things, they make a part
 Of thy sweet days and peaceful nights;
 And all thy hopes, and all thou art,
 Are blended in these home delights.

And, Annie, in yon garret there
 We've sat and watched the far off sea,
 While the still moon made all things fair,
 And like our hearts, a mystery.
 And we have seen the silver light
 Hang o'er the woods of lone Penrose,
 And loved and dream'd throughout the night,
 And gathered life's one perfect rose.

SPRING.

FRET not at winter, lovely Spring,
 Old age must even have its fling;
 He is enraged to hear thee sing
 At his defeat;
 But ope your skies and flowers, and ring
 Your changes sweet!

Perhaps even now he is in hiding
 Not far from hence, his own time biding,
 Upon an east wind to come riding,
 Thy buds to blast;
 But for all that, he's northward sliding,
 For April's past.

Lo! all unmindful of his power,
 The bird hath built its little bower,
 And lifts her head the daisy flower
 And violet,
 Though skies may darken oft, and lower,
 And breezes fret.

Now while the thoughtful Rook doth preach,
 Their clothes the merry maidens bleach—
 Singing an old time song, they teach
 The hours to fly.
 Alas! how soon beyond their reach
 Those hours will lie.

Sweet Bess, outspreading on the briar
 Her snowy linen, wakes a fire
 Of youthful love, and strong desire
 Within the breast,
 For love is still the palmy sire
 Of all that's best.

Following the wing of summer o'er
The changing earth, from shore to shore,
The cuckoo hath arrived to pour
 Its elfin note;
Till echo makes the voice once more
 O'er hill top float.

CARMINOWE AND GOONHYLDA.

LOW burns the light in Carminowe,
 Its lonely towers in darkness lie;
And o'er the waters of the Loe
 Hangs a tempestuous sky.
Far down the creek, like souls in pain,
 The voices of the winds are heard,
Moaning and calling from the main;
 And now some restless bird
Starts from the dreary Forest side,
 With boding scream on rousing wings,
And skims the dimly glimmering tide;
 The while a spirit sings
Within the Druid ring of stones,
 That beetles o'er the evil lake—
"My throne is set on dead men's bones;
 "Toll of the quick I take."

Lord Carminowe, alone is he
 Within his crumbling tower to-night,
He hears the moaning of the sea,
 The loos'ned tempest's might.
Thro' whistling crannies in the wall
 The night wind shakes the taper's flame,
And thro' the corridors doth call
 On chiefs of ancient fame.
Ah, evil days, Lord Carminowe,
 Brood o'er the last of that great line,
Whose chivalry, and glory low,
 'Mid taunt and scorn decline.
And thy betroth'd, Goonhylda fair,
 Is held a prisoner by thy foe
Within St. Michael's Mount, and there
 Craves aid of Carminowe.

There while that wretched Lord doth muse,
 His fancies rock'd by stormy sound,
An old retainer comes with news
 Of store of gold then found.—
Of gems, and golden shields, and urns,
 And antique coin in glittering heaps,
And one great Ruby that outburns
 The Sun, when first he leaps
Upon the misty wall of dawn;

And many other wondrous things,
 The treasures of some mighty pawn
 Paid by forgotten kings
 To Carminoes' in olden time,
 For Cornwall's rich and priceless ores;
 When Carthage ruled in all her prime
 The queen of western shores.

Or more remote, when Egypt sent
 The dwellers by the dreamy Nile
 From out the mystic orient
 To seek the western isle.
 These treasures 'neath the oldest wall
 That night were by retainers found,
 Who heard a voice of anguish call
 From out the haunted ground.
 Lord Carminowe, like man in dream,
 Is dazed with joy beyond his wits:
 He waves his torch, while golden gleam
 O'er gem and armour flits.
 Lo! his great wealth hath come to him,
 To raise the fortunes of his line,
 And rescue from a dungeon grim
 Goonhylda, the divine.

He buys the lances of the west,
 And leads his knights along the shore;
 Fair hopes and fancies fill his breast,
 As dark, abrupt, and hoar,
 St. Michael's tower crown'd mount doth rise—
 A threat'ning form from out the wave,
 And piled against the storm rent skies,
 Scowls on th' advancing brave.
 Ah, me, Lord Carminowe, thy powers
 For three long days were tax'd in vain
 To conquer those remorseless towers,
 And thy Goonhylda gain;
 And then by treachery thy foe
 Had thee betray'd within his gate,
 And all the line of Carminowe
 In thee was sunk by fate.

That night against the battlements
 Goonhylda stood with streaming hair,
 Against the tempests moony rents
 The phantom of despair.
 An aged monk beside her stood
 And strove to stay her frenzied flight;
 Thrice gazed she on the ocean flood,
 Then leapt the tottering height.
 Like to a flashing star she fell
 From battlement to that wild sea,
 Whose foaming and Atlantic swell,
 Is fill'd with mystery—

With mystery, and memories
Of many old forgotten things,
Of broken hearts, and loving eyes,
And fair betrothal rings.

“Alas! when mortal man doth rule,”
Thus sigh’d the monk above the wave—
“This Michael’s hold—him falleth dool—
“Dool, and an evil grave.”
Long ages after there were found
Within a dungeon vaulted low,
An antique sword, a dusty mound,
And crest of Carminowe.

I HEARD HER NAME REPEATED OFT.

I HEARD her name repeated oft,
Long ‘ere her beauty met my eye,
When lo! a gliding footstep soft,
A beauteous presence passing by,
A side-long look, a gentle sigh,
And love was born from such small things,
And sprang triumphant up on high
On immaterial wings.

’Twas not the motion, or the form;
Nor yet her eyes, the thrones of light
That woke within my heart a storm
Of rapture and strange might;
But rather all the perfect whole
Of beauty clothed about with soul;
And sense of subtil vanishings
Of common things, that fled away
Before her beauty’s starry ray,
Like music from touch’d strings.

AH! GWEN CARLYON O’ER THIS HEART.

AH! Gwen Carlyon o’er this heart
You reign by beauty’s right;
The panting spring with wak’ning start
Before you opens bright.
All joys are yours, and night and day
Like thoughts to you belong;
Fair queen of earth’s divine array,
And life’s most haunting song.

AH! THAT MY HEART.

Nor time, nor place, nor life I know
 Beyond your reign of bliss ;
 No star to guide me but your brow ;
 No honour but your kiss.
 Then be my time, my place, my life,
 My star, my honour still,
 And far from earth's unmeaning strife
 Let love work out its will.

AH! THAT MY HEART.

AH! that my heart a song could be,
 My thought a melody,
 What music would I make for thee
 My love's dear deity.

Ah! that my life could be a lyre,
 My fleeting hours its strings,
 And with thy hand to touch the wire,
 With love's own minst'rings.

LENORE.

THERE'S a subtil moon in your eyes, Lenore
 That draws your way, the deeps of my soul,
 As I stand on life's deserted shore,
 And the billows of time, with thund'rous roll
 Stretch wearily nearer my feet.
 But above the roar, and the daily storm,
 Beyond the tempest I see thy form
 And I know that we shall meet ;
 For my soul goes out to those eyes of thine,
 Lenore! Lenore the divine!

THE LONELY CREEK OF CARMINOWE.

THE lonely creek of Carminowe,
 'Tis there that I would be!
 The lonely creek of Carminowe,
 O, to be there with thee!

The sea is dashing on the bar!
 The gull flies o'er the Loe;
 And I from thee must wander far
 From thee and Carminowe.

O, days of love and summertime
 That held me long ago,
 When life was all one lyric rhyme,
 With thee at Carminowe.

A SNOWDROP WHERE NO LIGHT INTRUDES.

A SNOWDROP where no light intrudes,
A star 'mid heavenly solitudes,
A crown held high by unseen hands
Above the empty darkling lands;
And such to me your love I deem,
As here I linger by the stream
And watch your white arms thro' the dark,
Unfurl the sails of life's frail bark.

Ah! leave your boat and seek the shore,
Nor tempt alone the distant roar,
The foaming cataract is there,
Regardless of a thing so fair;
And beauty, love, and faith are hurl'd
Beyond the marge of yon dim world:
Ah! let not eyes so pure and bright
The realms of death so richly light.

THE LOE BAR, PENROSE.

AGAIN I issue from the wood
That leads me to the pathless sea,
And stand where often I have stood
In boyish reverie.

Before me, like a summer dream,
The lull'd Atlantic shimmers far,
And on its breast the wavelets gleam
Breaks like a moving star.

A silver speck against the blue,
The falling gull's white breast doth shine
Like some fair thought that wanders thro'
An atmosphere divine,

The murmur of the foaming shore
Rolls off in music to the hills,
Its magic claims me as of yore,
And all my being thrills.

No change is here in wave or sky,
And yet a sense of something lost;
All unapparent to the eye,
My lonely mind hath cross'd.

The change in myself, Ah, me!
My vanished dream, my glorious youth,
My old world thoughts beside the sea,
My vision'd glimpse of truth.

All, all are gone, and I remain
Scarce victor from the fight of time :
Revisiting the changeless main
With strange regretful rhyme.

Something of loss survives each gain
Far from the present lies our joy :
Attaining, could we but retain
The spirit of the boy !

Still lured by hopes that lead astray,
The cherish'd goal we hourly seek,
And scarce regard the rugged way
That leads us to the peak,

But when secure we cast our eyes
Upon the road that led us on,
We sight the far off paradise
That lay within our dawn.

And only then we feel regret
For all the fair things lost and fled,
And then the thing we strove to get,
Within our reach hangs dead.

Looking upon the past, I seem
Conversing with long buried men ;
Ah, me ! how like a crazy dream
The hours 'tween now and then.

Why should such thoughts as these intrude
On this long-promised perfect day ?
Why fill the dreaming solitude
With all their sad array ?

Nature is here to welcome me
Unchang'd as when I saw her last—
The shore, the headland, and the sea,
And yon unclouded vast.

The fishing boat is on the bay,
And the white village yonder gleams,
Drowsing away the quiet day
Within a land of dreams.

And I can half believe that I,
Thro' all the intervening years
Have gaz'd upon this sea and sky
Untouch'd by hopes and fears.

Untouch'd by forces of the world,
 Whose currents here no echoes wake :—
 Still as yon cloud in beauty furled
 Above the lonely lake.

Then Nature make me thine again,
 Mine be each influence of this shore,
 Take from my spirit every stain,
 And mould me as of yore.

SIR VYVYAN.

“ I AM a-weary Mary Maid,
 Beseech thy Christ for me
 To heal my soul, and in this shade,
 My life I'll give to thee—
 A life of grace within this place,
 Where sounds the aged sea.
 Nine days and nights 'neath northern lights,
 I watch'd that mystic shore,
 Where monstrous forms that mould the storms,
 And haunt far down within the deeps,
 Shock menace at me from the steepes,
 And bade the tempests roar.”

Through lonely days Sir Vyvyan toils,
 To build a house of prayer :
 A curse is on him, and his thought
 Is troubled by despair.
 For every night while still he lies
 Beneath the trees that hide the skies,
 The walls he rais'd the previous day,
 Are borne mysteriously away
 By Demons of the air.

And then a lady came to him
 Within the Forest green,
 And her great beauty made him weep,
 And half forget his queen.

The very Seraphim he thought
 Would leave God's side for her,
 As in the Forest gloom he knelt
 Where scarce a leaf did stir.

And now she mocks him till his heart
 Is all on fire within :
 All day he raves until the stars
 Their nightly hymn begin

He haunts the Forest's dreariest ways,
 And lo! one day he sees
 Full fifty knights all done to death,
 And hanging from the trees.

Their golden shields were round their necks,
 And all the fifty dead
 Were swaying in a noiseless wind,
 And fill'd the place with dread.

And then Sir Vyvyan fled away,
 Down by the calling sea;
 The gloomy strand on either hand
 Was loud with misery.

All round as far as eye could reach,
 Was nought but rotting ships;
 Their dead crews lay upon the sands,
 With smiles upon their lips.

Anon a litany upstole
 Thro' all the troubled air,
 Sir Vyvyan fell upon his knees,
 And cross'd himself in prayer.

All shapes of memory and love
 Forsook his throbbing brain,
 And a great silence fill'd his soul
 As died that holy strain.

The stars came forth high overhead,
 The strand was emptied of its dead,
 The rotting ships were gone;
 The fifty dead were borne away,
 With all that Lady's sad array,
 Far down the slopes of dawn.
 "Ah! Mary Maid," Sir Vyvyan cries—
 "The spell is snapp'd at last—
 Ah! Mary Maid, by thy sweet aid,
 I shall forget the past,
 And school my soul, now unafraid,
 For Paradise."

AROUND THE CORNER OF THE MILL.

I SEE the feather in her hat,
 The little shawl that gives her grace,
 And O my heart goes pit-a-pat,
 When first I glance her roguish face—
 Around the corner of the Mill—
 Her roguish face and dancing eye!
 Around the corner of the Mill
 My chaffing Sal comes tripping by.

'When Lads and Lasses homeward fare,
And there is laughter in the street,
For somebody I'm standing there,
And somebody I'm bound to meet
Around the corner of the Mill—
To meet with me, to greet with me
Around the corner of the Mill,
'Tis sweet to me, to meet with thee.

'Twas so when summer shone o'erhead,
It is the same 'neath autumn moon,
And many a secret have we read,
And laughed to many a merry tune.
Around the corner of the Mill
I'm watching for my hillside Lass.
Around the corner of the Mill
She never fails at eve to pass.

Her bounding slip is like the Fawn,
Her laughter like the song of birds,
A snowdrop answering to the dawn,
The beauty of her caroll'd words.
Aronnd the corner of the Mill
The fairest sight beneath the sky—
Around the corner of the Mill—
My chaffing Sal comes tripping by.

FOR EVER LOST, FOR EVER GONE.

FOR ever lost, for ever gone!
Ah! what is life without thee now?
Ah! what the evening? what the dawn,
Or night with starry, flashing brow?
My heart is dark without your face,
The music of my mind hath fled;
The flower of hope hath lost its grace,
The blossom of my life is dead.

Among your native hills you roam,
And careless sing a happy strain,
And far from your young heart—my home,
I wear a growing passion's chain.
I hear you singing in my dreams,
Each hour is haunted by your eyes,
And then by dashing mountain streams
And dark'ning glens I win my prize.

But day returns to bring my loss,
 And scatter all my dreams in air ;
 The beaten paths of life I cross,
 The phantom of my own despair.
 And shall I never know again
 The raptur'd, witching thrill of bliss ?
 And must my longing be in vain
 For one embrace—one throbbing kiss ?

I think upon those summer days,
 The Primrose lanes where oft we met,
 Our couch of love, and those sweet ways
 Rememb'rance in my soul hath set.
 The slave of summer days gone by—
 Of loving sport, and whisper'd joy ;
 I dream through life, with sadden'd eye,
 A man in grief—in heart a boy.

THE SEA OF LIFE DOTH EBB.

THE sea of life doth ebb, and leave the strand
 Strewn with these wrecks of youth,
 Which I stoop down and glean with patient hand ;
 The loud wave foams behind me, and a land
 Untravell'd by my feet, and blank as night
 Opens upon my sight :
 And evermore a weary voice of ruth
 Awakes love echoes on each sentinel height—
 “ O, life ! O, time ! where have ye hidden truth ? ”

ONE AND ALL.

NOW hear me all the Cornish clan,
 Each Grammar Grace and Uncle Jan,
 Who spring from that first Cornishman
 Who long ago
 Could sling a Giant like a can
 O'er Plymouth Hoe.

I've got you all within my mind,
You gentle-hearted chields and kind;
And while I live I'll try and find
 Some bit of rhyme
To which old memories far behind
 Shall skip in time.

I've travell'd east, I've travell'd west,
I've seen the worst, and known the best;
But all the profit, joy or rest,
 I've known outside,
Within the pocket of my vest
 I well could hide.

But after all my journeys run,
And after all my labours done,
I'd like to know now, what I've won
 For all my pains—
Now tell the truth, as sure's a gun
 I've lost my gains!

I've lost my gains, Soas, lost them all,
By being Fortune's tennis ball;
I've fared far worse than Master Saul
 In Fate's dark passes,
He found a Kingdom—luck his thrall—
 I found his asses.

I've lost my all in realms afar,
By seeking fortune 'neath a star;
From youth's fair harbour, o'er the bar
 I set my sail
To gain in unknown seas, the scar
 Of fight and gale.

I've seen the tempest break its chain,
And darkly swoop across the main,
While mountain billows struck again
 The flying stars—
My skiff, that could no refuge gain—
 A wreck of spars.

Then while the lightnings show'd each board,
And through the vast the thunder roared,
I've held my breath to cry—O Lord!
 How long!—how long!
Till soft—a lull; and upward sqar'd
 My heart in song.

And then my leaky craft to right,
 And make her sit the waves more light,
 I've worked to make her water-tight;
 And ease her beam
 By throwing overboard my freight
 Of hope and dream.

Ah! countless bales of golden hopes
 I've lowered o'er her side by ropes;
 I've sank more dreams in those dark slopes
 Of howling sea
 Than any twenty kings or popes
 Could e'er set free.

But what is life without some dream,
 Or youth without some beck'ning beam?—
 'Tis not to be, but just to seem
 A little blest—
 For me—the path to heights supreme—
 And then the rest!

But what has this to do at all
 With Cornwall and its "One and All?"
 I thought some fancies down to scrawl
 Upon that text—
 But since this chance is past recall
 I'll wait the next.

And yet this rhyme I cannot end
 Without a word to each warm friend
 Who loves the inside man to mend
 With Cornish pasty,
 So let her rip, I'll not offend
 By being hasty!

O! Cornwall, land of see and moor,
 Of golden furze, and sparkling shore,
 Of cream as thick as todge, and more
 Rich things beside
 Than I can ever number o'er
 With proper pride.

Ah, Cousin Jack, though half the earth
 Makes game of your unbounded mirth—
 You're nature's favourite from your birth,
 And wave and hill,
 Within your soul have made a dearth
 Of many an ill.

I'd leave to fortune every dish,
If she would give me but this wish—
Good luck to copper, tin, and fish,
 The last, not least,
May lucky nets on sands still swish
 The pilchard feast !

O ! Cornwall, land of heart and song,
May yet my days be full and long
Upon thy hills, and far along
 Thy dripping shores,
Where the great battle shout of wrong
 No longer roars.

Then one and all ! on shore and main,
The beauty of our land maintain,
And shield her brow from every stain
 Of greed or fashion,
Until this love of her remain
 A holy passion.



